

## THE GIANT GNATS AT THE hungry i

As I was telling my psychiatrist the other day, I just can't stay away from Horror Shows. Somehow, a gang of monaural monsters, skipping to and fro in stereophonic space is all I need of Heaven. The one I saw last week was called "Black Menace from the Evil Galaxy," and starred a bug named Tumac (new-crowned leaded of the Giant Gnats), and Princess Luana (the beautiful be-jeweled insect who had won his heart). Earth, it seems, had faced a fate more fearful than formaldehyde: we'd been attacked by a crew of Freedom Buggers, come to picket studios that made the Monster Movies. ("Make Space More Safe For Things That Crawl!") The Mayor of Hollywood called Tumac out to reason with them -- workers were afraid to cross the picket lines, and Hollywood was going broke. So Tumac, mandibles a-quiver, got up close and asked politely where they were from. "We're from the Dog Star!," they all chorused, "Woof!" "You can't be Sirius!" said Tumac, who could never pass a pun. Just then, another menace hit the earth, also from outer space, and started fighting with the cats who picketed. "We come all the way from Bird Land just to get you guys!" they screeched, "Tweet-tweet!" So the tweeters (big green things) and the woofers (small brown things) started tearing up the turf to beat the ban. "Klattu Barada Nictu!" shouted Tumac, though he rarely cursed. A green-brown smog began to cover Hollywood, as 40,000 monsters clashed on Sunset Boulevard. The Jr. Chamber of the city's commerce wanted State Militia in, but Tumac, all for



gradual integration, had the cooler head,  
prevailed. Above the roar of barks and  
snorts his voice rose up: "Let these weenies  
eat each other!" and stood back. Soon,  
a camera crew from MGM was on the scene,  
grinding out the background shots for a  
new and super epic (which they called  
"The Brown-Green Smog from West L.A."),  
so by this time the menaces had pretty  
well disposed of one another, so Tumac  
took out his buggy whip and beat the rest  
off to the hills, where they established  
a new religious sect. Things began to  
quiet down, and he spent the last 8 minutes  
of the movie making big-eyes at Luana,  
who just happened to be there. These movies  
never disappoint me. The earthlings always  
win, and justice (creeping in on wee cat  
feet) triumphs. Except of course they're  
all the same. (Only the monsters have been  
changed, to protect the writers.) It's a  
shame they don't give out Academy Awards  
for gall.

-- Carl Larsen

### Side Show

believed barker  
adults only tent  
went  
saw  
among the stillborn  
fetuses  
Socrates  
bleached and creased  
in an  
antique jar

-- Duane Locke

Tampa, Florida